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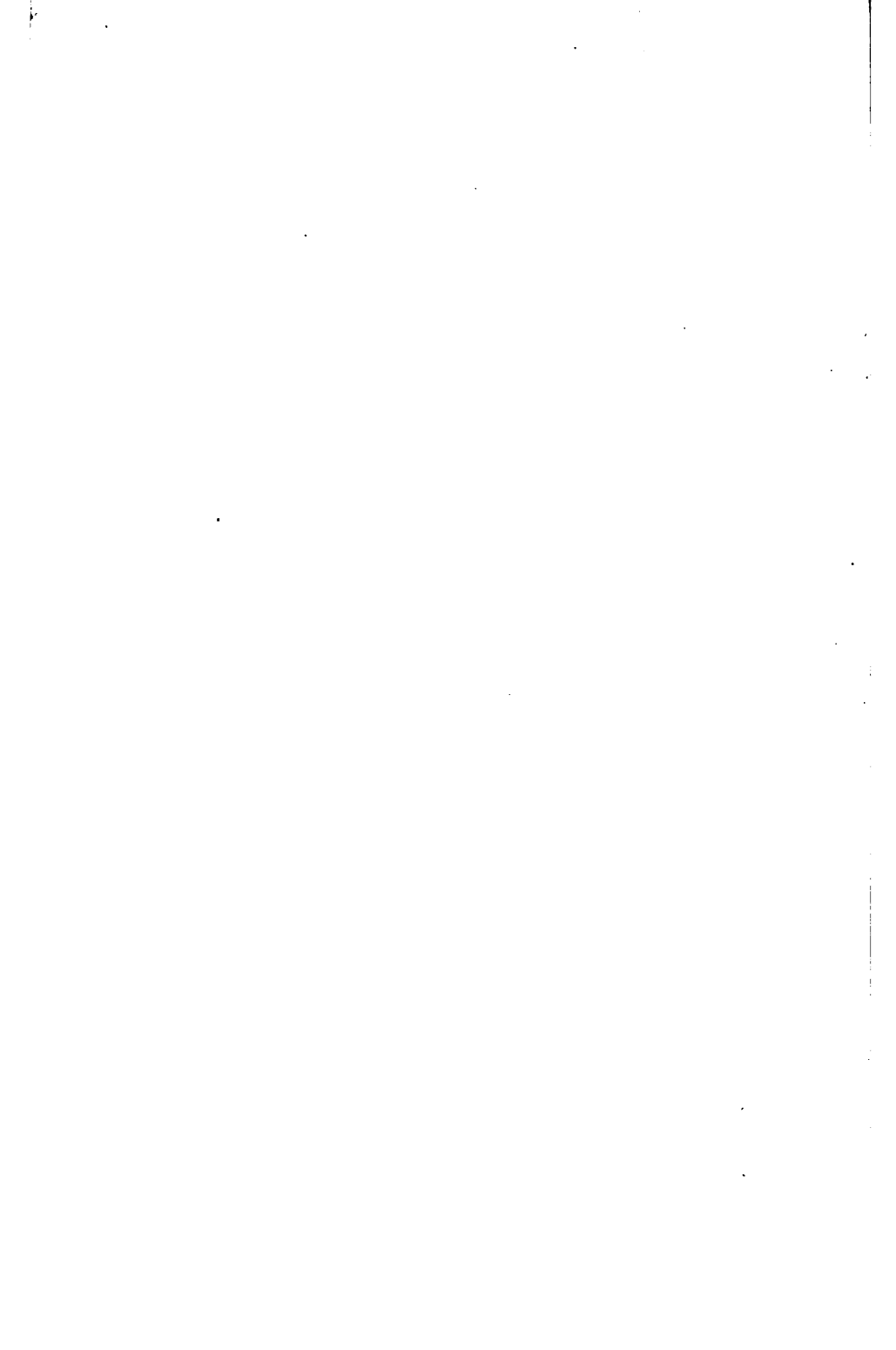
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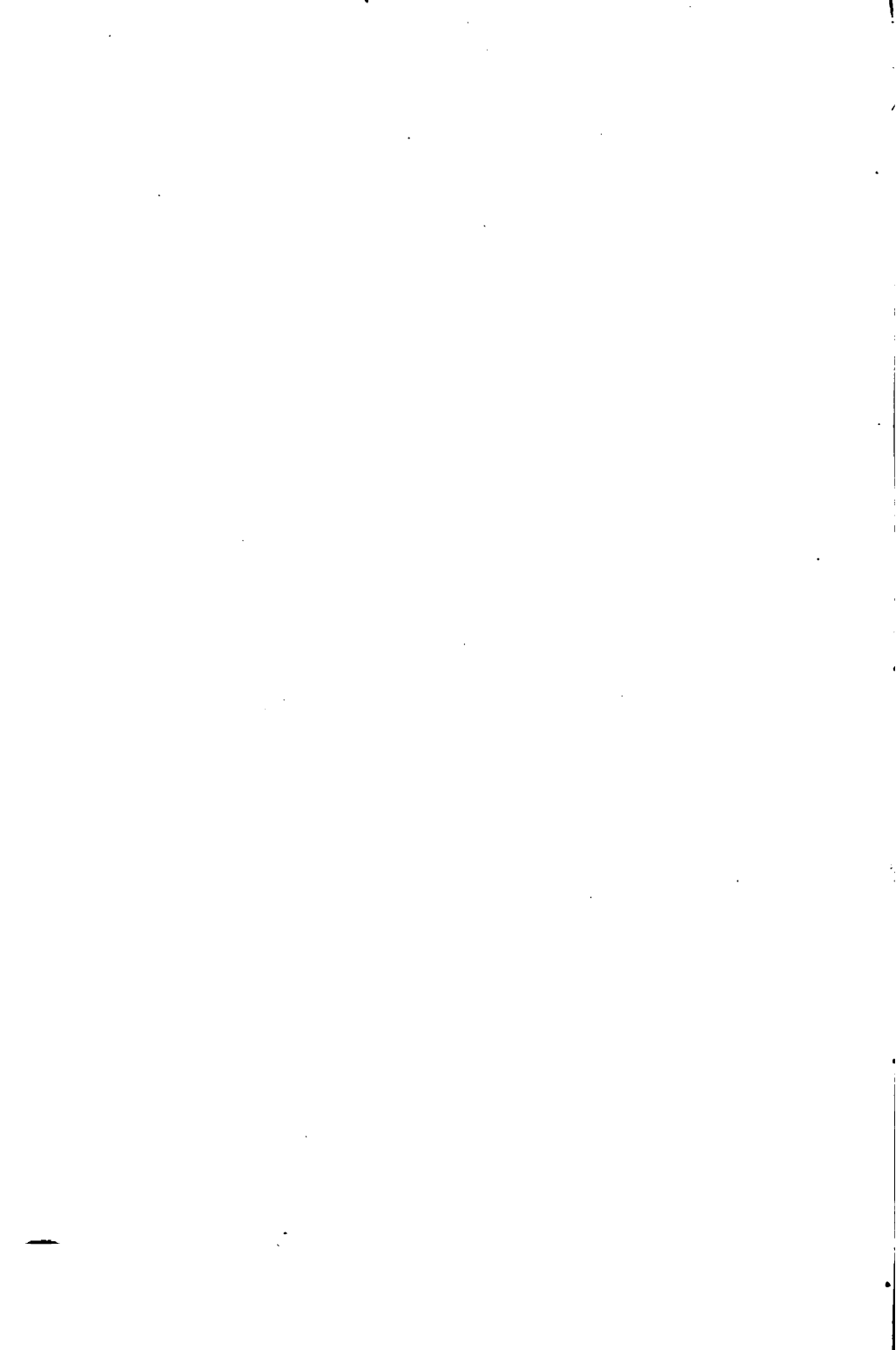
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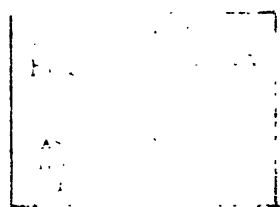
July







**Omar and Fitzgerald
and Other Poems**





Very sincerely yours,
John E. Gury -

Omar and Fitzgerald and Other Poems

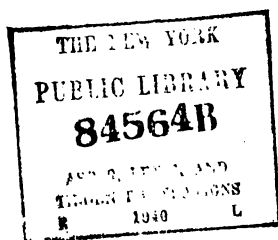
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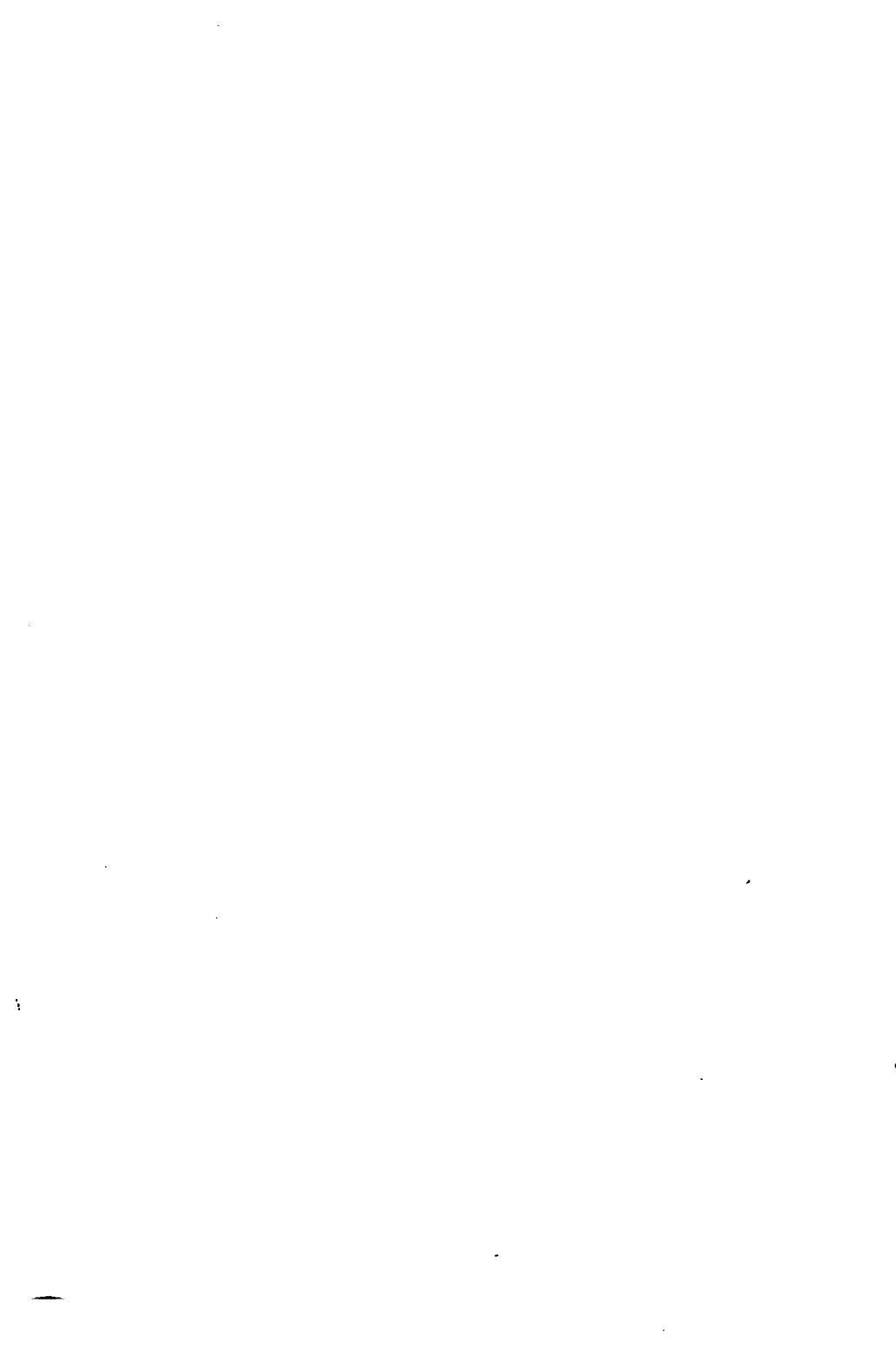


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by John G. Jury

The Tomoyé Press
San Francisco

To My Wife and Children
this Little Book is Affectionately
Dedicated

WO R 19 FEB '36



Preface.

To an author who has lived his compositions in a measure, it would seem that unless his work carries with it its own interpretation, it would lack the first and most essential characteristic of true literature, and, therefore, the principal reason for its existence. Caution suggests, however, that a few words revealing the circumstances which gave rise and impetus to certain compositions might not be entirely out of place, and might serve to throw a little light into the dark corners which occasional readers may discover.

"Omar and Fitzgerald," the first and principal poem, was suggested, of course, by the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," as translated by Edward Fitzgerald. The dominant note which I have endeavored to strike in this poem is one of optimism, and, in this, I may have departed somewhat from the spirit of Omar. The form of rubaiyat lends itself readily to the expression of the philosophy of life. In my judgment the world is growing, spiritually, more hopeful and more optimistic, and, intellectually, more modest of its achievements and of its judgments. Progress is constantly at work upon our idols, either destroying, or remodeling them into new and sometimes into fantastic shapes. It seems to me, though, that, in the midst of the mutations of life, we must anchor to some ideal. I have therefore in this first poem in the book endeavored to give expression to the conviction that nothing of good, of glory, or of beauty ever absolutely dies. The body or form in which these, "the things which are not seen," may be manifested, may pass away, but something, unseen and intangible though it be, forever remains undestroyed and indestructible. This thought is further expressed in the sonnet "Imo Pectore," on page 35, and also in the poem "Fujiyama" in the lines:

Naught of glory shall e'er perish,
Naught of good that Love doth cherish,
For I know that Life will prosper
All things that are life-deserving.

Preface.

The poem "Theodosia," page 18, was suggested by an incident in the life of Aaron Burr, whose love for his daughter, Theodosia, revealed the better side of his character. It will be remembered that Theodosia Burr manifested toward her father an affection and devotion almost amounting to worship. This beautiful woman lost her life during a shipwreck while on a voyage to New York, and it is said that Burr in his old age almost daily walked along the seashore looking out upon the waves, thinking and dreaming of his lost child.

The poem "A Voice from the Inner Temple," page 24, is an expression of the message which is borne in upon us in our communings with Nature, or, what Bryant in his most famous poem, "Thanatopsis," calls "the still, small voice."

The sonnet on "Fame," appearing on page 34, was written during my melancholy years; and the sonnet "Imo Pectore," opposite in the book, was written later as a protest against my own earlier conception of life. The thought in this last sonnet will be recognized as similar in spirit to that contained in most of the remaining poems in the book.

"The Discoverer," appearing on page 42, was suggested by the discovery of the fifth satellite of Jupiter by Edward Emerson Barnard, an astronomer formerly at Lick Observatory, Santa Clara County, California. This poem appeared first in a magazine published by the author in San Jose, California, which magazine was of brief life and is now of hazy memory.

The sad circumstances surrounding the death of our late President, William McKinley, gave rise to the poem found on page 44, "To the Nation's Dead." These lines first appeared in a California newspaper on the morning of President McKinley's burial.

"The Sower," page 54, was written several years ago, and was suggested by Millet's famous painting of the same name. It is intended as a protest against the spirit of Mr. Edwin Markham's

famous poem, "The Man with the Hoe." The poem here given Preface. was composed prior to the appearance and without knowledge of Mr. Markham's later poem, "The Sower."

"After the Black Cap Went On," page 63, is another product of my somber period. The principal thought locked up in the lines of this poem is that evil carries with it its own inevitable consequences and condemnation. The poem itself was suggested by a murder committed in the early "nineties" on the high seas midway between Australia and China. The crime was committed by two men who were afterward tried and convicted in California, and sentenced to suffer the death penalty.

The "Vignettes," so called, are little studies of great men, and some of them reflect only uncertain and passing impressions.

With these few preliminary words, I send out this little work which has been to me a labor of recreation and love. I shall be satisfied if but a tithe of the pleasure I have taken in writing these lines shall be experienced by those who may choose to read them.

JOHN G. JURY.

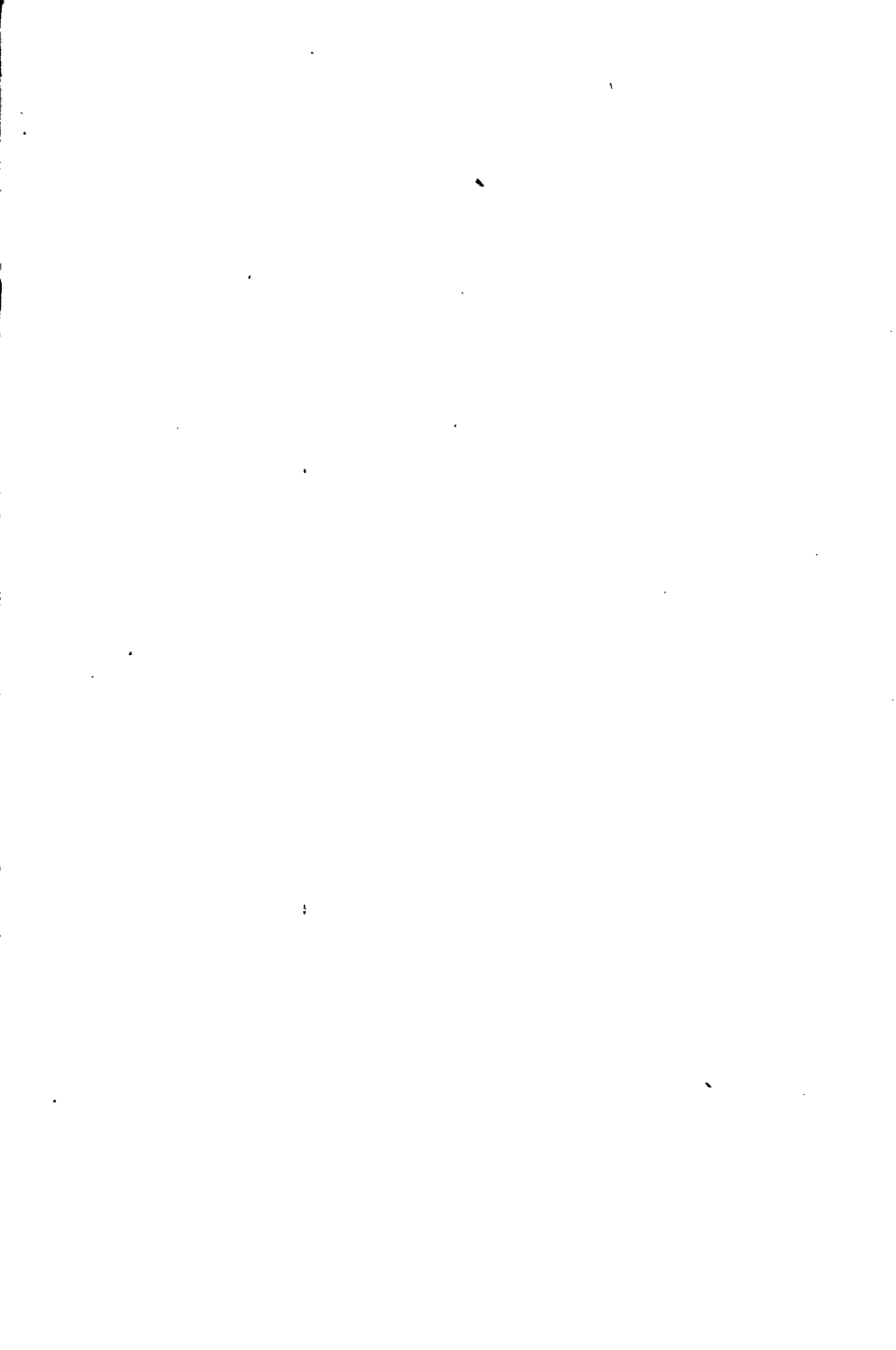
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Omar and Fitzgerald.

I.

Out swept a song through Life's vast corridors,
In serried flight as mountain eagle soars,
 Serene and swift and far. From Allah's land,
A message borne unto earth's farthest shores.

II.

What busy hosts unheeding Omar's birth
Have passed unheeded to their mother earth!
 What multitudes have crowded all God's years,
Returning empty of his proffered worth!

III.

The soul speaks in one tongue, and yet who hears
The silent voice that fills this field of spheres?
 Anon, a note is caught from out the skies,
Caught and preserved through all the wasting years.

IV.

Why seek the waters of immortal youth,
As with false Fear disquiet, when, forsooth,
 The cup of Life is offered thee each day
By mortal hands that brew the wine of truth?

V.

Alpheus, winding through earth's hidden caves,
Shall bear the seven-ring'd cup upon her waves
 To Arethusa, where, from golden brim,
True genius waits to drink the draught he craves.

VI.

And thou, Fitzgerald, found the harp that hung,
Forgot and voiceless since the Persian sung.
With one sweep of thy hand, touched all the chords,
His song transposed into a fresher tongue.

VII.

Yea, 'twas a voice of deep sincerity,
Lost on the broad and murmuring human sea;
A derelict forgotten on its shore,
Found and restored and launched again by thee.

VIII.

Earth's passing bards will pause again to speak
The lesson of the potter's clay; will seek
Through all God's temples for the priceless pearl,
And from the grape's warm heart, Love's story wreak.

IX.

And he, the humble Laird of Little Grange,
Shall some day pass the gates of new and strange;
Then fickle Fame, repenting of her deeds,
Will all the stock of critics rearrange.

X.

Yea, men and worlds and galaxies will pass
Forever in their turn, Alas! Alas!
Into heaven's flaming vortex, one by one
Be tossed; consumed like withered blades of grass.

XI.

Behold a shrine where humans, wave on wave,
Toss on their wild desires, half-free, half-slave;
Like driftwood, now they float on Honor's crest,
Anon, like driftwood, filling Ruin's grave.

XII.

Uncertain as our dreams, we come and go,—
Dreams through the night that wander to and fro
Like spirits lost in some vast wilderness,
Confused 'mong forms the spirit cannot know.

XIII.

The fitful flight of bird upon the wing,
The meteor's flame, a brief-illuminated thing
That leaps from darkness, back to night again,
Like thought 'twixt two eternities a-swing.

XIV.

Though Iram's sunken garden ne'er again
May incense shed upon the arid plain;
Rose-argosies, like pearly nautili,
Shall bring their wealth of life across the main.

XV.

The flowers reserved for Love's fond offering
Once grew in Shiraz—garden of the King—
Yet still they lift their freshness to the sun,
And thick on fallen walls, how tight they cling!

XVI.

What though Time's lilies scatter by the way—
Must beauty e'er within the lily stay?

Enough to know that, in the scale of God,
Tomorrow weighs no more than yesterday.

XVII.

Though Ormuzd and his worshipers have fled,
And Mithra hath besought his narrow bed,
Still may we crowd Earth's banquet boards around,
And share with vanished gods Life's wine and bread.

XVIII.

In realms that stretch unto the setting sun,
The cups of Naishapur and Babylon,
Half-broken, still may serve. Fill up each glass,
Hand round the brimming vessels, one by one.

XIX.

In cypress groves where Pride and Might once passed,
Still walks the soul that doth the flesh outlast;
Then look not thou in sorrow to yon moon,
Nor on thy years Grief's heavy mantle cast.

XX.

Up, Thoughts of former days, revive the flame
That slumbereth in the memory of a name;
Stir e'en the embers of a dream, and find
That which Destruction nevermore may claim.

XXI.

Omar and
Fitzgerald.

A son of Zeal, once walked the Parthenon
Of restlessness. Proud temples stood upon
A hundred hills, in form and opulence
Excelling Athens, yea, and Babylon,—

XXII.

Drawn hither by the Soul's impassioned thirst
And hunger for the food of best or worst—
The craving and insatiate in man
That marks him king triumphant, last and first.

XXIII.

And who hath not pursued his eager quest
For peace, now north, now south, now east, now west,—
At length to drop within his narrow cage,
Soul-pinions broken, blood on head and breast?

XXIV.

Why burns the rose with beauty? Why the song
Of nightingale? And youth, why strong
And hopeful? Why is glory in the sun?
Eternity, why so sublime and long?

XXV.

Philemon's temple from Love's poor abode
Transformed; the wheat in springtime, winter-sowed;
The Christ's sweet blessing on the trusting child,—
These are the signs we spell upon the road.

XXVI.

How oft doth forward Thought's proud argument
Confound thy timid meditations, pent,
Unuttered and unutterable! Who saith
The Truth must wax both loud and eloquent?

XXVII.

O aged Muezzin, near to Mecca's shrine,
Where morning brings its wealth of light divine,
Speak on in peace unto these kneeling ones,
And lift to lips of earth heaven's holy wine!

XXVIII.

"There is no God but Allah, God alone;
Mahomet, prophet, standeth near His throne."
Hear ye the prayer of hosts whose knees wear
Away the everlasting sentient stone.

XXIX.

God's mythic jacinth, pure as mother-pearl,
And white as banners morning doth unfurl,
Once earthward fell adown the blackened night,
And radiance scattered through its dizzy whirl.

XXX.

Loved Iran's meteors of flashing song,
Some soul's deep-shadowed sky may pass along,
May serve to quench Depression's awful sigh,
Man's trust increase, his joyousness prolong.

XXXI.

Omar and
Fitzgerald.

'Tis not the clay wrought in the graceful urn,
Nor all the lines the potter's art may burn
 Into its rich, round sides, that please me most;
Show me the potter, then the clay I'll spurn.

XXXII.

Though wearily may creep yon desert train
Unto the shrine of Bethlehem, how vain
 To think that thou canst stay Love's march,
Or half-divert her faith, or half-restrain!

XXXIII.

Mayhap sweet frankincense and myrrh and gold,
Pure Orient treasures, rich and manifold,
 Are heaped upon their backs. Mayhap they bring
The promise through long centuries foretold.

XXXIV.

The dust of Iran and her Monarchies,
As nebulous as Whirlwind Chaos frees,
 Have mingled with the desert sand like snow,
All beautiful, dropt in devouring seas.

XXXV.

Through all the crypts and sepulchers of night,
Hope from the closing tomb breaks into flight.
 Ah, vain to think that here or anywhere
The grave can hold the Christ or bind the light!

XXXVI.

Nor all the silence of the passing days,
That on thy form Oblivion's mantle lays,
Can sepulcher the Soul's undying trust,
Or still the song of unrestrained praise.

XXXVII.

I heard long, long ago in some lone wild
The voice of thrush, sad as a heart exiled.
Thy song, sweet bird, God's miracle hath wrought,
And Fear is now to Gladness reconciled.

XXXVIII.

Luxuriant spikenard, hyacinth and rose,
Once held high revel where Chai Karun flows;
In careless joy they tossed their heads of gold,
Their riches flung to every wind that blows.

XXXIX.

Bleak Winter came, and branch and naked stem
Stood shivering where fair Summer honored them;
Their jeweled cloaks were cast upon the ground,
Stripped by the wanton Winter's stratagem.

XL.

A host of timid fays, dejected, read
Death's message writ upon the petals shed
Thus wasteful: when, lo! Life exultant came,
Robed in prophetic glory, sere, and gold, and red.

XL I.

My soul once stood upon a headland vast,
Into Time's depths its searching plummet cast;
I looked for peace in stretching seas beyond,
I found a heaven in oceans I had passed.

XL II.

For I had voyaged Fancy's pleasure-realm,
In specter-craft with Glory at the helm,
Free as the clouds that sail auroral skies,
Far as the sun that western seas o'erwhelm.

XL III.

Past isles of dream that rise before the mind,
Anon to fade in mists, left far behind,
Yet not to pass, till Hope be reassured,
Till Fear's pale hordes be unto Peace resigned.

XL IV.

Beyond the gates, 'twixt Faith and Passion's zone,
Where at Immanuel's feet, Remorse, once prone
And penitent, fell crying in disgrace,
And wept till sweet Compassion claimed its own,—

XL V.

I paused anon on Hope's transcendent height,
O'erlooking all the regions of Delight;
I thought of miracles, when, lo! I saw
Efulgent day rise out of deepest night.

XLVI.

Within full view of Hatred's wrangling creeds
Writes Prophecy, and Consternation reads
The judgment: "Mene! Tekel! Upharain!"
Behold yon mystic hand, how it proceeds:

XLVII.

"With vision clear, look up, and out, and in,
Nor shun thy task ere yet thou dost begin.
Be not afraid to wage God's war alone!
What is the steel that's given thee to win?

XLVIII.

"A tinkering fool that tries his faking hand
Upon a hundred arts he cannot understand,
Some day will perish with his useless toys,
And all his works grim Time will countermand.

XLIX.

"And books, books, books, built high as Babel's tower
On plains of Shinar, each its quiet hour
Or age, Confusion's fruit shall grow and bear:
And blest is that which Wrath may not devour!

L.

"Fling out the Heart's unbounded ecstasy,
E'en as a scroll that all the world might see;
Write every day some word of cheerfulness,
Then shall survive the book to thee and me.

LI.

Omar and
Fitzgerald.

"Lo, thou, O Master, seeketh not in vain
Enduring treasures hid in heart and brain!
For Love and Truth and Gladness will withstand
The furnace fires of Time, and e'er remain."

LII.

The message doleth! 'Tis for thee to read!
The warning endeth! 'Tis for me to heed!
Slow Indecision may swift years outrun;
'Gainst stubborn flesh heaven may not always plead.

EPITAPH.

Now o'er their tombs perennial roses twine,
As Love bereaved clings to her wonted shrine;
Where on the placid form of Centuries
Drop mingled tears of cypress, rose and vine.

A Spirit Half-Forgot.

A spirit walked beside me,
Yet I knew her not;
For the world's hard grind had calloused the mind,
Till the soul was half-forgot.

"And why wert thou forgetful?"

Spake my spirit fair,—
A brave little sprite in my garden at night,
On a rose-quest even there.

I stayed her in her seeking;
Then, her eyes to mine,
*"Pray, kind sir," she said, "are the roses all dead
That once grew in these gardens of thine?"*

Her sweetness brought confusion
To my hapless brain.
O God, had she stopt, ere the last rose had dropt,
E'en Deception might explain!

Then spake I, half-despairing,
Yea, and half in fear,
'Twas though happiness hung on the words of my
tongue,
And my soul was there to hear:—

*"Alas, my fairy lover,
'Tis the winter season bare;
Thou hast come too late—I pray thou wilt wait
For the springtime roses fair."*

*" I seek the blossoms of winter,
Yea, the rose of snows ;
For the loveliest things that the white season
brings,
For the dearest flower that blows.*

*" Yea, fair are springtime glories,
Fair the whole glad year ;
Whether winter gray, or opulent May,
They are all to me most dear."*

*" Naught then but deep confession
Can I speak to thee ;
O soul-priestess of mine, O spirit divine,
Turn thou not away from me !*

*" A spirit walked beside me,
Yet I saw her not ;
For mine eyes were blind, and night veiled the mind,
Till the soul was half-forgot.*

*" The chains of passion held me
In a grip of steel,
As they clanked and rang, I mockingly sang
To the soul crushed 'neath my heel.*

*" At times I felt joy coursing
Through my veins aflame.
In the sheer lust of life I plunged into strife,
Seeking honor, yea, and fame.*

*" On many a dizzy orbit,
Through the lurid sky,
Swift as meteor's flight, I plunged down the night,
While the years went flashing by.*

**A Spirit
Half-Forget.**

"Gain's flickering lights shone round me,
And I loved their glare;
Into vessels of clay I emptied each day
Of my soul but half-aware.

"And now, my lovely maiden,
On thy humble quest,
With thy flaming sword, and Warning's brave word,
And thy shield upon thy breast,—

"Pray, tarry thou beside me,
E'en as God would do;
Then the sunshine and showers, reviving life's flowers,
Shall my withered faith renew."

* * * * *

A spirit walked beside me,
And Love's marvel wrought;
And to thee all praise, O Strength of my Days,
That 'twas only half-forgot!

Joy Is Mine Where Muses Throng.

Sighing woods and rustling bowers,
Trilling thrush and nightingale,
Idylls rising from the flowers,
Lyric winds across the vale;
Voices from eternal seas
Mingling with life's rhapsodies;
Joy is mine where muses throng,
Happy, merry hosts of song.

Music rung from out the sky,
Repertoires of nights and days,
Themes awakened from on high,
Echoing fugues and roundelays;
Herald sounds from every hill,
Hunter's call and plaint of rill;
Joy is mine where muses throng,
Happy, merry hosts of song.

Ecstasy from liquid lips,
Echoing forth the heart's refrain;
Notes that drop from finger tips,
Lingering on some rapturous strain;
Nymphs of springs Castalian
Turn ye back the years again!
Joy is mine where muses throng,
Happy, merry hosts of song.

Words that trembling wait on speech,
Fearful lest they die unheard;
Songs that unto heaven would reach,
Bearing praise on every word;

Joy is Mine
Where
Muses
Throng.

Whether on the earth or sea,
Love shall find Eurydice.

Joy is mine where muses throng,
Happy, merry hosts of song.

When Love Looks Through Her Tears at Me.

I've wandered oft o'er vale and hill,
And through earth's forests grandly fair;
I've paused where sings the crystal rill,
Close to the mountain-lion's lair;
Where every breath of heaven's free air
Hath filled my heart with ecstasy:—
Yet that is joy beyond compare,
When Love looks through her tears at me.

And when day's fading hours instill
Sweet restfulness in every care,—
When all the chords of nature thrill
With one melodious, soulful air,—
When lifts the weary heart in prayer,
Ah, holier joy there cannot be
Than that which Grief cannot impair,—
When Love looks through her tears at me!

When time's stern winter winds so chill
Sweep round us ere we are aware,
And scatter years like leaves, until
The tree of life is thin and bare,—
Then would I fly from drear Despair,
And take my place, dear one, with thee,
For naught of joy can I forswear,
When Love looks through her tears at me.

L'ENVOI.

Then all Heaven's tents, O Prince, prepare,
For Rapture speedeth unto thee!
And fain would I attend her there,
When Love looks through her tears at me.

Theodosia.

How often have I scanned the sea
For thee, my Theodosia,
Looked out on ocean wistfully,
For dearest Theodosia!
Dark waters flow from zone to zone,
And all their voices drown my own,
And mock me, Theodosia.

In some far clime where crown or cross
Shine o'er thee, Theodosia,
Thy tresses, loose as floating moss,
Flow round thee, Theodosia;
Thy locks once soft as morning light,
Now tangled, drift with weeds of night,
My helpless Theodosia!

Nor tempest moan, nor restive wave
Can wake thee, Theodosia,
For deep as seas that form thy grave,
In thy sleep, Theodosia.
Dear one, I long to kiss thy lips,
And touch mine with thy finger-tips,
My child, my Theodosia!

I dream of hours long lost to me,
Lost long as Theodosia;
When life was naught but love and glee
To happy Theodosia.
When thou upon thy mother's breast
Knew all the joys of sainted rest,—
My angel, Theodosia!

Theodosia.

And in thy girlhood's blithesome days,
Joy-hearted Theodosia,
When all thy months were Junes and Mays,
And flower-times, Theodosia,—
Then I was young and proud and strong,
And thou with love and hope and song
Inspired me, Theodosia.

I've climbed the heights of human fame,
Nor faltered, Theodosia,
Till all my hopes were turned to shame
And sorrow, Theodosia.
I've played and lost at games of fate,
I've sounded depths of crime and hate,
Yet loved thee, Theodosia.

Though grief's dense mists obscure the past,
And blind me, Theodosia—
Mists dark as tempest seas o'er cast—
My dearest Theodosia.
My heart is where its Love doth sleep,
And Hope will e'er sweet vigil keep
O'er thee, my Theodosia!

An Epitaph Unchiseled.

Alone with God, I leave thee here,
Farewell my love,
Though I depart, he will be near
Forever, love;
Fair hills adorned with oak and pine,
And moss and fern and eglantine,
Stand warders round the sacred shrine
Where sleepest thou, my love.

The paling moon at heaven's gate
Serenely stands,
As though thy soul she would await
With outstretched hands;
As pure as thou in garments white,
Anon she passeth down the night;
I hear her rustling robes of light
Across time's drifting sands.

Nor nature weeps alone for kings
Of earth's estate;
Here, heaven her deepest requiem sings,
Here, angels wait.
As lifts the flowering goldenrod
Forth from the nameless, grassy sod,
Thou wilt arise to light and God,
A soul inviolate!

And may I some day join thee here,
Thy rest partake;
When writ is life's last brief-paged year,
For thy sweet sake.

Ere Heaven the book shall close and seal
I fain would write, where now I kneel,
One holy line that would reveal
What Death cannot unmake.

An Epitaph
Unchained.

Two Souls.

Two souls walked on a leaf-strewn way,
Through fairest woodland scene,
In varied aisles of gold and green
Where reigns the Queen of Day;
One saw but vale, and flower, and tree,—
The other, God's serenity.

Two souls passed where deep thunders fall
Upon Life's storm-worn path;
One heard the threatening voice of wrath,
And trembled in its thrall;
The other heard, all-praisefully,
Heaven's voice attuned to majesty.

Two souls looked out upon a sea,
Vast as the sweep of time;
One saw but waves, and weeds, and grime,
One, God's sublimity,
As passed his grandeur and his might
Upon the silent wings of night.

Two souls served under Life's command,
Where bank-full ran her blood;
One shrank affrighted from the flood,
Unnerved of heart and hand;
While Hope was ally, weapon, shield,
To him who saw her plans revealed.

Two souls paused at the gates of night,
As sank Life's sun to rest;
One, tearful, looked into the west,

Till tears obscured his sight ;
Beyond Death's circling shadow-bars,
One read Heaven's promise in the stars.

Two Souls.

At length, behold them face to face,
With Time's uncounted years ;
O'er one doth rule the Prince of Fears,
In one, the King of Grace ;
Doubt, groping through the shadowings !
Trust, reaching toward the heart of things !

A Voice from the Inner Temple.

I.

I, the object of a quest,
Through the realms of Zeal and Rest,
Yet I ever walk beside
Them that seek me, and, his guest
That with me would fain abide.

Yea, I've dwelt in stately forest, on the mountain, in the vale,
Ere the nymphs of ancient story peopled fen and glade and
dale:

Ere the affluence of Carthage, or the grace of Rome's proud
prime,
Lived voluptuous and vainful in an atmosphere of crime.

With earth's sages, saints and prophets of the patriarchal days,
I have caught the light that straggled through the heart's en-
tangled maze,

Down the dark abyss of nations I have scattered diadems,
O'er the awful stream of ages I have stretched a bridge of
gems.

In the flush of gladsome morning, in the blush of maid and
rose,

I have joined the heart of rapture with the spirit of repose;
Placid lake and restive ocean, plain and upland, mount and dell,
Are the opulent adornments round my ancient citadel.

More venerate than Nineveh's imperishable stone,
Writ with words of many gods forgotten and unknown,—
Of Bel and Taimat and of Anu, lords of sky and sea,
Of ghost-worlds and of chaos and of human destiny.

In my mighty storm-hymned fanes,
Covering all the cedar'd plains,—
Girt and porticoed in gold,
Fresh from out the sky's rich mould,—
Spirit I, that ever reigns!

A Voice
from the
Inner
Temple.

II.

Angelo and Raphael,
With their truthful brushes tell
But a tithing, not the whole,
Of the joy that binds the soul,
Prisoned in a sunset's spell.

Stretching far into the darkness, past the portals of the day,
Burnished with the gold of morning, silvered with night's dew
and spray,
I have filled the earth with glory flung from hands wherein is
held
All the loveliness of heaven from the soul of God expelled.

Where the far Euphrates wanders silent o'er the Orient sands,
In fair Eden eastward planted by the Master-Gardener's hands,
Flower and palm I've touched with colors drawn from out the
rainbow skies,
Painted with a grace and sureness that no art could e'er devise.
And where blood-stained Druid altars stand now heaps of
whitened stone,
Testimonials of man's gropings through the dark and vast un-
known;
From impenetrable forests hallowing earth from pole to pole,
Speak my messengers of gladness in the language of the soul.
More beautiful than Sheba's robes or mantled pomp
of kings,

A Voice
from the
Inner
Temple.

Woven in the looms of pride and human sufferings,—
I've spread upon earth's common fields my cloth of
purest gold,
In tents of song, wrought from the hues each chal-
iced flower doth hold.

Fair and pure as Love's bright eyes,
Looking into Paradise,
Orchids, glories spreading round,
Daisies springing from the ground,
Thick as stars in summer skies!

III.

Tarry pilgrim at my inn,
League on league from Fret and Din;
Come where sleeps the silver moon,
Peaceful as a day in June;
Knock, and I will let thee in.

In the haunts of rose and hawthorn, brightening all the quiet
hills,
Where broad seas of grass are white-capped with long waves
of daffodils,
Rest beside my children playing in the fields that floweth o'er
With the sweet reposeful spirit that heav'n would to thee re-
store.

For hath not Truth's gentle Master to the fretful soul appealed,
Through the loveliness and beauty of the lilies of the field?
"Solomon in all his glory, robed in opulence and ease,—
Yea, in all his majesty, was not arrayed like one of these."

Pause and learn the open lesson till thy soul acts out its prayer,
Till Life's tingling atoms straining break the heavy chains of care;
Like the calla, sunward holding, golden rod and snowy rim,
Upward turn thy cup of being, I will fill it to the brim.

A Voice
from the
inner
Temple

More hallowed than sweet vapors burned above the
altar stone,
Smothered half in penitence ere from the censer
blown,—
Ambrosial fragrance, restful as loved Reverie's calm
hour,
The roving winds forever shake from swinging branch
and flower.

Breath of rose and violet,
Immortelle and mignonette,
Maple, elm, and oak, and yew,
Rapture that my first love knew,—
Incense lingering with me yet!

IV.

I, the sun of every soul,
Through my endless orbits roll
All the hopes and dreams of man;
Race and nation, tribe and clan,
Moved together toward one goal.

Art thou spiritless, despairing? Walk the woodland pathways
through;
Touch the hem of Nature's garment, in that touch thy faith
renew;
Seek the Sinais and Shastas, monarchs of the East and West,
Where Serenity is thronèd far above the world's unrest!

A Voice from the inner Temple. Clouds in azure, ships of dreamland, outward bound on every wind,

Freighted with heaven's richest treasures, thine to seek and thine to find:

Wake from out thy trance of sadness, lifeless as the faded years,

Wake unto a song of gladness, rising deathless from the spheres:

Claim thy birthright to a kingdom wide as thou wouldst have it be,

Launch thy trust upon an ocean of a vast divinity;

Mark the rocks and reefs and headlands, and the course of tide and gale:

'Gainst the head and hand of Courage, tempest seas cannot prevail!

More stately than the march of hosts led by the stern War-god,

Red with quivering human hearts strung on the burnished rod,—

The galaxies of space and time pass by my open door;

Behold them move along the way where Peace hath gone before.

Round each soul the heavens turn,

Stars on every altar burn,

Forth from out earth's mortal dust

Lifts the fadeless flower of trust,—

Life, for which the nations yearn!

More Light.

I built a palace rich and fair,
And furnished it with treasures rare;
A thousand lamps shone everywhere
Throughout the night.
My heart lived in the blinding glare,
Yet cried, "More light! More light!
More light!"

I worshiped at Fortuna's shrine,
And clasped her jeweled hand in mine;
She seemed to me a star divine,
So pure and bright.
And yet my heart did fret and pine,
And cried, "More light! More light!
More light!"

Through many a bright-illumin'd street,
Atremble with Gain's restless feet,
I went; ah, joy at last complete,
And pride and might
Are here, thought I. With every beat
My heart still cried, "More light!
More light!"

I passed through Learning's open door,
And searched great tomes of ancient lore;
I journeyed oceans o'er and o'er,
In restless flight.
My heart, unresting as before,
Renewed its cry, "More light!
More light!"

More Light.

I struggled through the tangled creeds,—
A labyrinth of faith and deeds,—
Now this, now that, would cure my needs
And clear my sight.
Yet still my heart in silence pleads
For light, "More light! More light!
More light!"

One day I snatched a burning brand
From Treachery's extended hand,
Whose flame was lit in hell, and fanned
In deepest night.
My outraged heart shrieked its demand
For light, "More light! More light!
More light!"

Anon I looked into Love's eyes,
Lit with the glow of Paradise;
Beheld a new star burn and rise
Along the night.
Ah, patient heart, heaven underlies
Thy cry,— "More light! More light!
More light!"

The Flaming Tree.

(And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. Exodus iii: 2.)

In a flame of fire from the midst of a tree,
That grows on the mountain of God,
In a silent place by the desert's waste,
An angel of heaven appeared to me.
"Behold, thou standest on holy ground!
Take thou thy shoes from off thy feet,—
Be not afraid! Hide not thy face!
For it is God whom thou hast found,
The Lord thy God, in a flaming tree,
In a distant and a lonely place,
Where the mountains and the desert meet."
And there, where death surrounded me
Like wasted years, I stood alone
With God; approached his holy throne,
A mountain and a flaming tree.

O Death, Where is Thy Sting?

Age stooped to earth, and with a trembling hand
Upturned the sod and planted there a seed.
E'en then was Death near hovering, but no heed
He paid to her long shadow as the land
It spread, now touching blossoms, zephyr-fanned,
As quivering they fall upon the mead,
And now, his snowy hair. Few years will speed,
Thought he, ere on this cherished spot will stand
A stately tree whose arms shall outward spread
To sunshine and the clouds. Here will the lark
Outpour her heart in song, or from the dread,
Tumultuous storm seek refuge. Here may mark
The spot where daisies from their sun-warmed bed
Will spring to light and life from caverns dark.

O Grave, Where is Thy Victory?

Like loved Narcissus bending o'er some stream
Delicious, near-by Echo's loved retreat,
Afar from where the long day's flashing heat
Beats down an arm of strength with every beam;
Behold, O Age, the passing days agleam
With hope from thee reflected! At thy feet
The rivers of the past and future meet;
And thou mayst clasp within thine arms the dream
That life cannot forego. Though many tears
Disturb the image, mirrored darkly now,
God will compose the waters and thy fears
Till all shall sleep as placidly as thou;
Nor shall we doubt the flower that reappears,
Nor vainly question when, or where, or how.

Fame.

What matters it if fame I wroste from years
Of doubt and pain, despairing, yea, of madness,—
If fighting 'gainst a thousand hands hath gladness
Won, and made me strong? If through my tears
The prism'd bow of hope, mirage-like, rears
To heaven? Yon distant stars undimmed will shine
When Life's pale flame is lost in ashes, mine
A moment, flickering in a night of fears,
Extinguished them forever, and consumed.
Ere long on all these mounts, in every vale
Of earth, mankind's unnumbered hosts entombed
Will rest, and naught but silence deep prevail!
Then on the lips of flesh will freeze all fame,
With tranquil dust, returning whence it came.

Imo Pectore.

Athwart my path, faint beacons fell from stars
Burnt out; ten thousand glories that had sprung,
In aeons past, from orbs, thou God hadst hung
In thy vast firmament; past constant Mars,
And Sirius, and mighty Algebar's
Refulgent train; through radiant arches, strung
With pearls from Nature's vaults,—gems 'mong
The galaxies free-strewn. Nor time e'er bars
The flight of e'en the dimmest star-born beam,
Wing'd as the spirit flying on the night
Unto infinity. Adown the stream
Of cycles and of world-mist pass the light
Of soul and sphere. In all thy realms, no gleam
So faint but doth infold thy love and might.

Night.

Hail, beauteous Night! Queen of Eternity!
Before whose mansions all the white stars lie
Like stepping stones across the chasmed sky.
Reflected, where I walk, in depths, I see
The lights and temples of infinity.
Most Mighty Father, what in truth am I
That thou in glory shouldst approach so nigh,
And with Omnipotence encompass me?
E'en as the wayside flower, whose tiny hands
Outstretch and lock the day in their embrace,
So, rapturously, do I into an hour
Press immortality. O heavenly lands!
Here may I meet thy angels, face to face,
Where holy night revealeth Grace and Power.

Peace on Earth, Good-Will Toward Men.

Out from the East the wise men came,
Out from the East where Faith was born;
Above them shone the star of morn,
As with love's mellow light aflame.

Across the parched and lonely drives
Of deserts strewn with wrecks of time,
Where not an echo of the prime
And pride of yesterday survives,—

They pass serene as white-robed priests
Through cloisters, loved and consecrate,
Drawn from the crowded boards of Hate
To break Life's bread at holier feasts.

Where Gladness spreads her sacred gifts
Of gold and frankincense and myrrh,
Kneels each devoted worshiper,
And in love, kneeling, life uplifts.

As fairies greet each coming morn
With dewy pearls and fragrant flowers,
Bring ye, O watchers of God's hours,
Rich gems before the Christ now born!

And ye, O nations of the earth,
Proclaim the coming of thy King!
Let songs arise and anthems ring
In token of a Savior's birth!

Peace on
Earth,
Good-Will
Toward
Men.

The promise that revolves in man,
With every cycle of the sun,
Through newer orbits now shall run,
Obedient to a nobler plan.

O clashing sword! O reddened bar!
O lance that won the promised land!
Fall ye from out the vengeful hand,
And fall the awful roar of war!

Fall all the strife that wounds the world!
Fall all the rage that wounds would rend!
Fall to the bitter, utmost end,
As Satan fell when hellward hurled!

The sun is high, the morn is gone,
Yet still the promise strives with fate;
War's laggards linger at the gate,
Nor hath his birds of prey passed on.

Two thousand years of Calvary,
Of Christ in us two thousand years!
How slowly life's great landscape clears!
How much remains of savagery?

Yet surely as the passing sun
Dispels the cringing hosts of Fear,—
Thy light is with us now and here,
And serves us on the course we run.

Life's Seafarer.

Into another port, dear friend, thy good ship sails today,
Out from God's mystic deep,
Where Time and Eternity sleep.
Like a sea-bird emerging from mists of gray,
Iced with storms, and white with spray,
Thy ship seeks a haven today.

On Life's broad seas, brave captain, thou hast served
at watch and wheel,
Where reign the fierce storm-kings;
Where the wandering albatross wings
Its untiring flight; where weird waters feel
The lash of Wrath, and the brain doth reel,
As the mariner stands at the wheel.

The constant stars will light thy course beyond the
sunset bar,
Where seas resplendent flow,
Reflecting the ship-lamps' dim glow;
Where the opulent glories of heaven are,
In the gardens that stretch away and afar,
Past the gates of the surf-whitened bar.

Now sailst thou from port today, prow-on toward
realms unknown,
Out on God's mystic deep,
Where Time and Eternity sleep;
In the trust ever strong that he knoweth his own,
Thou never shalt wander, aimless, alone,
On the limitless waters unknown.

Morning.

Through yon gates of beaten gold
Cometh now the Goddess Morning,
Robed in glories manifold,
Earth and heaven adorning;
Fill the heart with day and gladness,
Banish night and banish sadness,
Touch the keys that thrill with might,
Loose the fountain floods of light,
Fairest Queen of Morning!

Mount Day's opalescent throne,
Built, when God was planning
Grandeur equal to his own,
At Creation's dawning!
We would bow at thy sweet pleasure,
Vassalage to thee would treasure,
Dear as bondage of the rose
To the sun where beauty blows,
Through thy courts, O Morning!

The Lord God Reigneth.

In the myriad suns that from vaulted heights
Glow as lamps on thy spirit-path;
In the tenderness that a daisy hath;
In the vast procession of days and nights;
In the longing soul's short, fitful flights,
As a timid bird on broken wing,
Yea, in the sparrow, poor, wounded thing;—
Thou God reigneth!

In restless seas, and in depths o'erhead;
In the awe of the souls they abash;
In the thunder's voice and the lightning's flash;
In the years to come; in the years long sped,
That seemeth to us as driftwood, dead
On the shores of Time; in heavens profound,
Revealed in glories of sight and sound;—
Thou God reigneth!

In iron hearts, and in hearts worn bare,
With their fight in the clinch of Fate;
In the promised victories men await;
In the grief-tried souls that in patience wear
Thorn-crowns pressed down by the hand of Care;
In the gift that Love to thee would bring;
In Grace that accepteth the offering;—
Thou God reigneth!

The Discoverer.

'Tis deepest night! My glorious noon!
The earth, aweary of the day,
Soft sleeps at His behest.
E'en mountain winds have gone to rest;
Yet whispers reach the listening ear—
Faint whispers from an unknown sphere.

Night's jeweled cloak enwraps the worlds:
Immortal mortals they that rend
These garments of the dark.
An alien light! I'll pause and mark
That Jovian ray! I doubt my eyes
Tonight! They're traitors to the skies!

Like Colon's soul, doubt-buffeted,
The real now bids me pause! . We feel
So frail on paths untrod;
I own a knowledge lone with God
Tonight! But, will the day efface
This wanderer from the deep of space?

Thou tiny ball! An angel hand
Unloosing on Elysian paths
The subtle thread of Time;
A syllable in heavenly rhyme;
A diamond found on God's highway;
A taper burning in the day.

From primal dawn, when first thou launched
Thy silent messengers of light
Upon the ethereal sea,—

No missile bark from Time's wreck free
Till now. Here, lost upon our shore!
I first to find it at Earth's door!

The
Discoverer.

To the Nation's Dead.

Yon cloud-craped mountains sadly stand
About thy tomb;
The mountains of a mighty land
Are robed in gloom.
Strong oaks drip tears upon the sod,
On mount, in dell;
While slender bluebells droop and nod,
To ring thy knell.

The sobbing ocean sweeps the bar,
And breaks in moans,—
Re-echoing from the deep afar
Its minor tones;
Along the reef the choral waves
Recede and surge,
And choir with winds o'er deep sea-graves,
A solemn dirge.

Relieved to all the ways of God,
In peace he sleeps;
Columbia, bowed above the sod,
In silence weeps.
We feel, we know that love is locked
Within a tear;
And ne'er is heart of courage mocked
By slavish fear.

The silent stars from somber heights,
And lonely towers,
Enhallow all these simple rites
And forms of ours,—

Upon the altars of our pain
Heaven's radiance shed,—
Renew the promise, Man again
Shall live, though dead.

To
the Nation's
Dead.

A Vision of Peace.

I.

I leaned o'er the ramparts of space and of time,—
Beheld the broad earth in the day of its prime;
Ere the conqueror came, with his lash and his rod,
Enthralling his brethren, defying his God.
Awe seized on my soul, and heaven's curtains flung wide,
Revealing all vastness where glories abide.
I tremblingly stood—yet not trembling with fear—
Where the voices of suns and of worlds I might hear;
Mark their harmonies, deep as abysses of space,
Yet soft as the silence on Death's pallid face.
Serene rose the morn in the radiant east,
Like a virgin of beauty in azure released.
The angels of light filled her palace of gold,
As earth's varied splendors before me unrolled.
Here, continents vast, in whose temples, sky-ceiled
No penitent yet at their altars hath kneeled:
There in majesty rolled the weird-sounding sea,
All-craftless, dark waters, wide-sweeping and free.
No moans e'er had come from that great pulsing deep,
Save the moans of the tempests that waked it from sleep.
Peace reigned where the palms by soft zephyrs are fanned,
And ruled 'mong the pines of the far icy land;
In the low sleeping vale, or where bold mountain rears
Its head white with snows of the numberless years;
Midst the earth glories spread in the day's flooding light;
Or the grandeur of heaven that opened with night;—
Undisturbed was her reign in that far distant time,
And boundless her kingdom, reposeful, sublime.

II.

A Vision of
Peace.

Anon with the vision of faith vouched to me
 I looked through long vistas of aeons to be ;
 When the dreams of the sages and prophets of old,
 And the hopes of the latter-day race shall unfold,
 Till revealed in songs by exultant hosts sung,
 Full-accompanied by gladness from heaven's towers rung.
 A newer race strove,—yea, but bloodless its strife;
 Like Jacob it wrestled for blessings of life.
 Man then long had reigned, and peace had he won,
 Rewarding his faith in the race he had run.
 The scepter of Truth heaven placed in his hand,
 And Strength knelt a slave at his slightest command.
 He hath passed through dark vales of the strenuous life,
 Nor faltered in spirit when terrors were rife.
 He hath stood on the mount and communed with his God;
 He hath bowed his bruised head 'neath the chastening rod;
 Here, breathing in silence Humility's prayer,
 There, shrieking in depths of the darkest despair.
 All praise be to thee, noble sovereign of earth!
 Thou hast bought with a price thy glory and worth;
 Thy faith-lamps were lit at the altars of Grace,
 That thou mightst e'er see the calm joy in her face.
 And now in the path of the full-ripened years,
 The angel of Peace in her radiance appears.
 She dwelleth in cities surpassingly grand,
 And walketh on highways of sea and of land.
 Hail, Spirit illumined, free as Truth unconfined!
 Fairest Queen of the measureless realm of the mind!

My Dragon Chair.

Fierce dragon a-coil in my great easy-chair,
Come, tyrant, speak now, how camest thou there?
Who fixed sharpest terror and pain in thy claws?
Death's glare in thine eyes? Hell's threat in thy jaws?
Who coiled thee ascending, and strong as the race
That riseth from darkness to glory apace?
Ascending, yet never astir in my chair;
Grim sprite of hideous, unsleeping despair!

Why shouldst thou remind me of battles unwon?
Why stir up the embers of duties undone?
Thy claws, sharp as memory's goadings, might tear
Every shred of tranquillity forth from my chair,
And rack me with dreams ere sleep is begun.
Wouldst thou blame me, dragon, if thee I shouldst shun
And leave thee alone in my great easy-chair,—
A thing of remorse and of sleepless despair?

Passion.

I hear again the tread of iron feet,
Again, the clanking soul-chains harrowing din;
A stranger walks; 'tis stormy-dark without;—
I fain would let him in.

'Tis Passion, thought I, wandering through the night.
Persuasion urged me straightway to explore;
I paused,—contested,—then, submitting, rose,
And opened wide the door.

He came and made his dread abode with me;
Despoiled my temple and would not depart;
I spurned him first, then ridiculed, cajoled,—
Then, drew him to my heart.

He led me 'mong Carousal's merry hordes;
I loudly laughed and locked his arm in mine.
"Say, this is life, old friend!" he said to me,—
"Here, man, another wine!"

"How beautiful it looks against that light!
Rich as the robes proud Cleopatra wore,—
Red-flowing, trimmed in beaded bubbles white;—
Ah!—Yes; just one glass more!"

A little more of selfishness; of sloth;
Of indirection; ribald song and dance;
Of reckless wagering of mind and soul,
Upon a toss of chance!

Passion.

Love warned me, but I threw her arms aside;
My children cling about my neck and wept;
Affection sought to win me back again
To promises unkept.

"These are but fantasies of innocence
Unlearned and meek in ways of earth," thought I;
"Let Virtue wait on Vice, and Life on Lust,
And bah! let Duty die!"

My very weakness was my pride and boast;
Anon I struggled in the tightening mesh;
I dreamed of falling; then,—ah then,—I dreamed
Of life begun afresh.

But Passion had of Circe learned the art,
Whereby the flesh is made preëminent.
I tried to rise: Great God! I could not start!
For all my strength was spent.

My former self cried to me from the ground,
E'en as the blood of Abel, brother-slain.
Thenceforth a fugitive, I walked the earth,—
A marked and cursed Cain!

War.

War's jackals prowl about thy humble tent,
And rob thee of thy peace and scanty fare;
Then, slink away across the deserts bare,
Like Famine into death and darkness sent.

Music.

When on thy wings I sweep through realms of dream,
Touching the harp of soul-life, and the theme

Of joy awaken 'mong heaven's myriad strings,
Then from despair I know thou canst redeem.

The soft air thrills with each inspiring breeze,
Rich with deep praisefulness from land and seas;

Before the windows of the listening soul,
Forever pass Life's wandering harmonies.

Greed.

To him success is but the jingle
Of pennies. How his fingers tingle!
How his small eyes shine
When he puts his bony hand on yours,
And cries, "Tis mine! Tis mine! Tis mine!"

The Sower.

(Written on seeing Millet's famous painting, "The Sower.")

Lo! Time hath cast on thee the heritage
Of ages: in thy hand dominion placed,
O Toiler, o'er the earth! Plain-raimented,
Thou passeth up and down the furrowed fields,
Forerunning Life, and making straight her ways.

Prevailing faith is thine that burns as fires
Enkindled on God's altars. Fibered-strong
As mountain oak that unsubmissive feels
The thrill of tempests, thy unyielding hand
Hath snapped the chains of tyrant systems, kings
And continents, and freed in all the earth
The captive soul's desire. Nor hope in thee
E'er faints in highways clear, nor where thy path
Athwart, pale Terror stands with trembling knees,
And uplift hands, and eyes aghast that stare
At naught. Thy will hath swept aside the fears
Of timid gods and men, unheeding song
Of siren, or the threat of Rage that steals
Away, or worsts the heart irresolute.

Yea, thou wast forged on thundering Thor's dark steel,
And through thy arteries hast poured the might
Of lightnings. All the glories of the earth
And air and sky are mirrored as in seas,
From thy soul's depths.

The panoramic scrolls
Unroll; before thee passeth all the works
Of Him that set the stars and calleth them

By name;—the radiant morn that fills the heavens
O'erwhelmingly; the full, glad day; the glow
Of sunset mounting o'er the western hills
Unto infinity, uplifting thee
Upon the arms of that supernal peace
That passeth understanding.

The Sower.

Right and left
The seed is cast. The soft, warm rains pour forth
Through thunder-gates that Spring and Summer lift,—
And follows soon, renewing all the earth,
The rich and varied harvests.

Prairies broad
And sheltered vales and wind-swept hills, where once
Grim Wildness dwelt in fiercest enmity
With savage beasts, are now the biding-place
Of Grace serene and all the arts of peace.
Earth's multitudes have read the words that Heaven
Doth write in mystic letters. Thou didst heed,
For unto thee 'twas given to plant the tree
Of Promise, branchèd now and blossoming.

At even's holy hour thou draweth nigh
Unto thy humble hearth. And oh, what joy
To hear again home's simple melodies
That float half-lost from out yon open door!
The babe's low prattle and the cheery laugh,
And Love's refrain that gently stir as songs
Of birds, or symphonies of brooks and trees!
Swift on the wings of nightfall cometh Rest
With all her benedictions to refresh
Thy strength.

The Sower.

So livest thou the passing days
Of God that maketh his eternities
And thine. Thy lips have tasted of the flood
Of living waters flowing free; thy soul
Hath felt the touch of joy, and Heaven her seal
Hath set on thy aspirings. Yea, thy works
Shall evermore endure.

Not all is vain
Since thee I've seen, O Sower! May I reap
In harvest time, abundantly as thou,
Of strength, and love, and trust in all things good.

As Pass the Years.

Like God's orbs in realms of splendor,
Whirling on their endless way,
Painted half in shades of evening,
Half in colors of the day,—
Life is clothed in varied vesture,
Woof of bliss with warp of blight,—
Clinging here to joys of midday,
Shrinking there from fears of night.
Yet, O Soul, no shadow dark'neth,
But revolveth into light!

Standing in the deep rotundas
Of heaven's templed courts sublime,—
Worlds, behold, and suns and systems,
Come and go through space and time.
Softly fall the years upon us,—
Fall the years like grains of sand
Through the glass that Nature holdeth
In the hollow of her hand!
Yet eternal reigns a purpose
We but dimly understand.

Statelier rise God's portals o'er us,
Might and grandeur grow apace;
Myriad glories would restore us
To our heritage of grace.
Night, serene, mysterious, awful,
Holds a day on every star,—

As Pass the
Years.

Beacons lifted up forever,
Where Love's many mansions are.
Yea, e'en Death, bowed reverently,
Holds the gates of life ajar.

When Folly Falls Heir to a Million or So.

A fool among fellows was hit one day
With a fortune, without any cause or design;
Thenceforward, for no one turned from his way,—
Reached front of him, back of him, called it, "All mine!"
His career was naught but a glittering line
Of "functions" and "fads," strung as beads for show;
Small wonder that Patience must mope and repine,
When Folly falls heir to a million or so!

With a tally-ho listed as gorgeous and gay,
And a footman that clung to a whip and a line,—
He turned himself loose in the name of display,
And daily did homage at Vanity's shrine.
With him the substance was less than the sign;
And wealth was the best that the world can bestow.
Ah, smooth is the path, and swift the decline,
When Folly falls heir to a million or so!

He strutted Life's stage as in farcical play,
An actor appearing to speak but a line;
How far he would fly in direst dismay,
From a part sternly moulded, I dare not opine.
Strong players must act,—he, perforce, must recline,
And serve as doth serve the mere trappings of show.
Ah, sad that a man, a man's part should decline,
When Folly falls heir to a million or so!

L'ENVOI.

Come, Prince, reveal now why genius divine
Is rooted in soil of humanity's woe?
Why the waters of life forthwith turn to brine,
When Folly falls heir to a million or so?

Rebirth.

O waking Heart, like yon faint, flickering star,
Atremble on the threshold of the night,
Where boundless length, and breadth, and depth, and
height,
Remind thee of Faith's wanderings afar,—

Upon the seas eternal, who thy ship
Didst launch? Who planned thy course and lit
thy star?

Who heard thy voice above the roar of war,
And caught thy prayer ere yet it left the lip?

I see thee struggle in the grasp of Fear,
And, trembling, bow to shapes of wood and stone;
Who idols hath not raised to gods unknown?—
Hath eyes that see not, ears that do not hear?

Behold Life's pendulum retrace its path,
Like Memory far sweeping down the years;
The ghost of Opportunity appears,
To chide in love, or to upbraid in wrath.

The day is filled with light thou hadst not seen;
The night with glory thou but faintly knew;
Humility springs now where pride once grew;
Behold 'twixt heart and brain a parted screen!

How small is time upon infinity,—
And life, how brief upon an age's span!
How weak is strength in both the babe and man,—
A tear may quench the pride in thee and me!

O soul that seeks the pearl of priceless worth,
 That simple Faith clasps in her lovely hand,
 And cherisheth, yet cannot understand;—
 When found, wouldst dash it rudely to the earth?

Hast thou beheld the light burst from the tomb
 And backward hurl hell's minions to the ground?
 What chains hath yet the soul Promethean bound,
 Or served to shackle gladness unto gloom?

Shake thou indifference from lounging Hope,
 And dare to claim a new birth's heritage!
 Thy very claim shall be heaven's constant gauge
 Of life, the mete and measure of its scope!

The Bohemian.

Not the prig we have met, who is brag without works;
Who fills up his life with the trappings of fame;
Who hath none of man's genius, but all of his quirks;
Who wears Byron's habits, but can't spell his name:

But the soul-tramp who wanders through fancy and dream
In realms far removed from convention and strife;—
A rebel 'gainst all but a dominant theme,
And a rule, individual, that governs his life.

In far-away vales, on the mountains, o'er seas,
Our exile is led by a lamp in his brain;
He lives in his work, though the World, if you please,
May swear that it cannot admeasure the gain.

But, brief is the art that is trampled in trade,
Like snows 'neath the feet of the unresting throng!
Eternity seeketh the heights God hath made
For the unfading glory, the undying song.

Yea, God is the judge of the children of men,
And Time, the high priest in the temple of fame;
In the warfare, hard-waged, 'tween the sword and the pen,
Dost thou know the Conqueror? Canst thou spell his
name?

After the Black Cap Went On.

Can this be Hesper's deck? O could mine eyes
Again behold the full-orbed day, or e'en
A faint-lit night! Thick and unvariant shades,
Perchance my trustless vision hath bedimmed,—
Yet, ever and anon, from out the deep
I catch a phantom light, as tho' a star
Were cleft in twain and mirrored in the sea;
Then upward turn my longing, wandering eyes,—
But all is dark and cheerless as my soul.

In life I slew him! Now in death, accurst,
My unstilled heart hath quickened unto fears
Before unknown,—whilst Memory,—beak and claw,—
Forever stirs within my maddened brain.
Yet, e'en upon this all-benighted flood,
Could but it quench those gruesome lights, that, like
The dead man's eyes, reflect reproach eternal,—
My soul, methinks, might find some slight repose
In blank forgetfulness.

O'er vergeless wastes
I wildly drift, borne on by gales imbrued
With murky dews that drench the air, and drip,
And drip like chillish blood from off my cheek!
The dismal groan of timbered hull, the swish
Of swirling prow-torn surge, and moan of winds
Low-rumbling through this bleak abyss, beget
Imaginations that ne'er unfetter me,—
Unbodied, viewless things that on me breathe
Incessant blame, and sweep my quivering nerves
With hurricanes of woe!

After the
Black Cap
Went On.

Again, O God,

Though mocked, on thee I call, if thou be near!
Is Pity dead? Art thou transformed to Rage?
Will ne'er my anguish end? But, why cry thus?
Than prayer, an oath loud-shrieked upon this void,
Is far more fit, and like my sin, nor time
Nor space can bind, nor heaven nor hell recall,—
E'er widening as this gloom,—maligly-stern
As this fell sweep of waters uncontrolled!

Were not my soul as with a thousand barbs
Transfixed to this grim deck, I'd haply plunge
Into these caverned depths, and dare to hope
That aught of mercy, so permitting, might
Annihilate. But vain and insane thought,
That Vengeance e'er would slight abate my woes,—
For Mercy's alien to this savage realm
As is the day! and Hope, here sable-winged,—
Gaunt-grown with naught but death to feed upon,—
Ne'er yet hath swept about my frenzied head,
Except to torture me!

Those eyes again!

O could I their ghast flickerings outspeed!
Down! Down! On, Hesper, on! Lone specter-bark,
Full-rigged upon a godless, storm-rent main!
Bear on thy heaving, aimless course, unmanned,—
Uncargoed, save with my unresting shade,—
Uncharted in infinity! One night
Surrounds!—Vast chaos of the storm and sea!—
A death-encompassed, black eternity!

In Halls of Life Profound.

I've dwelt in halls of life profound,
Lit with Love's sacred glory;
Where memory clings forever round
Vined towers and turrets hoary.

Like snowy clouds, the pleasure-walls
Reflect heaven's richest splendor;
And gladness sheds through storied halls
A radiance pure and tender.

Beneath the tree and vine I've stood
With thee, my dearest lover,
Where happy birds from sky and wood
Around us loved to hover.

A kiss on trembling lips so fair
Sealed all the joy of living,—
And, happier I, to know the share
That thou didst take in giving.

I've watched the rose and lily bloom,
Long hedges overlying;—
I've breathed sweet joy in their perfume;
Rebreathed joy forth in sighing.

Yea, sweet as summer's lovely rose
Is thy inspiring presence;
And soulful peace thy heart o'erflows,
Pure as the lily's essence.

In Halls of
Life
Profound.

Long lanes that reach the voiceful sea,
Beside cool brooklets leading,
Have taught us of serenity
Far deeper than our heeding.

O silent sounds! O unseen lights!
That fill the reverent spirit,—
Speak ye the message from God's heights;
Pause, soul, that thou mayst hear it!

And sweeter far than Orphic strains,
Through long lost realms resounding,—
Thy voice recalls me to Joy's fanes,
And to thy love abounding.

Ah, sweet to know a loved retreat
Locked 'gainst all imperfection,—
Where kindred souls may oftentimes meet
Souls of a heart's election.

There, where the muses laughingly,
Bind hearts in chains of rapture,—
Who would not fast-imprisoned be?
Who would forego such capture?

I pray that heaven may bless thee, dear,
And light the paths before us;
That e'en Time's withered leaves, and sere,
May fall like blessings o'er us.

I praise the day when first we met,
Beside Love's peaceful river,—
When in glad halls of life profound,

My dearest treasure, thee, I found,—
And to my heart, thy heart I bound,
Forever and forever, dear,—
Forever and forever!

In Halls of
Life
Profound.

Shasta.

Long ere proud visions of grim mounts of stone,
Sprang to the brain of Egypt's ancient king,
Thou, Shasta, reared midst heaven's thundering,
Stood aged then as now,—majestic, lone!

Calm sentinel o'er that most mighty sea,
That bears the sunset's glory on its breast,—
Departing day's irradiance from the west,
In holy light, fair mount, transfiguring thee.

Above thy icy dome sweep heavens profound;
Below thee, song-swept vales, and bowered aisles,
Where tranquil Nature oft the soul beguiles
And leadeth where Life's healing streams abound.

And limpid waters running to the sea
Through wood and glade and fern-enchanted cave,
Now, flashing where thy rainbow banners wave,
Now, all thy grandeur glassing from the lea,—

Are voiceful as a thousand rippling bells
That gently stir the silent night to song;
And thou, their rapturous melodies prolong,
In echoes from thy cragged citadels.

Upon thy steeps the ancient Indian stood,
A silhouette of freedom 'gainst the sky;
Unfettered as the deer that, speeding by,
Plunged in the deep, interminable wood.

Here Faith was born in earth's primeval day,
And worshiped 'neath the cedar and the pine.
Forgotten hosts have knelt before the shrine
That standeth ever in the sky-arched way.

A thousand tents of peace stand ever round
Thy feet, true miniatures of thee, whose fires
Sweet incense lift from all their humble spires,—
Like reverence heavenward rising from the ground.

As yon pale evening star, that lingers near,
In rapture pausing on the portal'd west,—
Who would not turn to thee from day's unrest
Ere he adown the night must disappear?

And thou wilt greet the ages yet to be,
The past and future join in one strong flight,—
Forever mantled in celestial white,
Proud Shasta, emblem of eternity!

Saint Pierre.

*Fantastic fires leap high above Pelee,—
The fires of death and dread uncertainty!
Gold-girt the heavens are bright with flame,
That, like Hell's scarlet fingers, claim
All things within their grasp!
How greedily,—how far they reach!
And lo, how wild and vainfully
Poor Saint Pierre fights to unclasp
The smothering grip upon her throat! Too late!
Too late! With one long, agonising gasp,
She falls to suffering consecrate
Beside Atlantic's western gate!*

Thy realm is wasted, Saint Pierre,
And naught but Ruin reigneth there!
The flame-clad messengers of Death
Have rushed like vandals through thy bower,—
And in their smothering, sulphurous breath,
Thy glory withered in an hour,—
As withereth a wayside flower!

The mountains roar and thunders rave,
While liest thou in an ashen grave;
The floor of heaven, the sea-girt land
With lightning knives, flashed everywhere,
Were rent and torn by Fate's swift hand;
Then fell thy hosts at shrines of prayer,—
And thou beside them, Saint Pierre!

Earth's mighty nations near thee wait,
And look beyond thy charred sea-gate ;
 They list for vanished children's song,
And watch for those who served with thee ;
 They linger where Life's trooping throng
 Joined voices with the voiceful sea,
 In Joy's unbroken ecstasy !

But now,—the waters of the deep
Flow echoless where thou dost sleep ;—
 No sound above their moan is heard,
Save now and then the mount's dull roar,
 Or mournful cry of lone sea-bird
 That passeth up and down thy shore,
 In search of thee, forevermore !

Fujiyama.

Where the pines speak with the waters
Of the great and mighty ocean,
And the voices of the waters
Answer to the forest whispers;
Where the stately cryptomerias
Stand like proud and watchful sentries,
Guarding, with the firs and cedars,
Countless shrines and hallowed temples
Hid away 'neath leaf and blossom;—
There thou standest, Fujiyama,
Captain of Calm's great battalions!—
Glorious as the Lord of morning
That ascendeth through yon gateway
Pillared eastward on the ocean!—
Constant as the clouds that feedeth
All thy cooling springs and fountains!—
Loved, serene as thy people,
That, adoring, gather round thee,
Worshipful and ever grateful
For thy majesty and presence!

In thy brilliant courts have gathered
Knights and lords of vanished ages;
Years of gladness and of anguish,
Soft as shadows rest upon thee;
Tempests of the sea and mountains,
Storms of wrath and warring humans,
Whirl and rage and melt like snowflakes
Daily shaken from thy shoulders.
Kamakura,—Prince of Reverence,—
Weeping for departed thousands,

Sits with Diabutsu calmly
 At thy feet, outward looking
 Toward the melancholy ocean,—
 Dreaming, dreamful, ever dreaming,
 Like the gods, intent, reposeful,
 Sitting on their thrones of silence
 In the temple of the heavens.

Hail, beloved Fujiyama!—
 String for me a costlier necklace
 Of thy rich and radiant jewels,
 Than was e'er by maids of Susu
 Wrought from gems of deepest caverns,
 Hid away 'neath foamy waters!
 Let me wear it as an emblem
 Of thy glories everlasting;—
 Wear it as a fitting token
 Of the treasures thou dost offer
 Freely to the passing pilgrim!
 Then may I, by right of conquest,
 Learn of Grace and her adornment;
 Grace, unbounded, pure, imposing,—
 Radiant with richest blessings!

Let one pearl reflect thy whiteness,—
 Pure as garments of the angels,
 Flashing bright as water diamonds
 Or the lily's freshest dewdrops;
 Yea, as fair as falling brooklets,
 Veil-like, spreading in the sunlight,
 And by zephyrs gently shaken
 Into rainbow folds atremble.
 I would ask that there reflected,

I might catch a glimpse of morning,
 Glancing down celestial vistas,
 Pale and lovely as the maiden
 Whose white hand I clasped once vowing
 I would be forever faithful;—
 Clasped and held it for a moment,
 In an ecstasy of gladness:
 Ah, yes, I shall e'er remember
 How she stood, a stately goddess,
 Clothed as fair as thou, O mountain,
 In her robes of snowy whiteness!

And one pearl shall glow with beauty,
 Deep as Biwa's glassy waters;
 Loved as are the founts of Ishi;
 Lasting as Yamato's glory;—
 Yea, such beauty as appeareth
 Like an empress, all unrivaled,
 'Midst the earth's surpassing splendors;
 Splendors that surround thy palace,
 Trooping with the fairy seasons;—
 Whether Spring or Summer, coming
 With their untold wealth of blossoms,
 Sweet as Nikko's famed ambrosia;
 Sacred as Ashibi's perfume,
 Or the clustered rose and lotus,
 Gathered like white hosts of angels
 In fair dales of Kaminabi,—
 Whether Autumn's nymphs and naiads,
 Blushing red with joys of vintage,
 Whispering to the winds their secrets,
 As they gather 'neath the Hagi,
 With the deer and forest lovers,—

Whether Winter, fair as Sheba,
Royal-robed in whitest ermine,
Near unto thy throne approacheth,
With her gifts of rarest beauty,—
Crystals minted in the heavens;—
Loveliness shall live forever,
Through the seasons, glory-differing,
Yet in glory ever equal.

In this center pearl, rose-tinted,
Youth shall see the flush of evening
Or the first faint glow of morning;
Age beholdeth lurid lightnings
That in storm assail the heavens,—
Flashing now upon the waters,
Then, across the Dragon Island,—
Grandeur bursting for a moment,
Rich as fabled, yearned-for regions
In the great unknown hereafter.

One pearl shall of awe remind me;—
Awe that rouseth all my senses,
Blinded with the dust of riot,
Calloused at Care's heated forges;
Looking, I shall see reflected,
Bursting fires, and smoke and ashes
Cannonading all the heavens,
Roaring like unleashèd tigers,
Red-fanged, angry and destructive,
Bursting like a flood of fury
From the head and heart of devils,—
Then, as with the touch of angels,
Dropping into quiet slumber,

Fujiwara.

Undisturbed as ages vanished,
White and calm as stars at midnight,
Deep reflected in the waters
Of the lakes that sleep beneath thee!

Yea, and fair the pearl that teacheth
Of the grace and might of silence,—
Silence deep as years forgotten,
Deathless as the spirit's yearning,
Fathomless and vast and mighty
As the chasmed sky and ocean!

I would now renew the pledges
That lie broken and discarded
In the ways my soul hath journeyed;
Learn the spirit's deeper meaning,—
Learn of deathlessness and glory,—
Of the lasting fame of beauty,—
Of eternal love and gladness
That remaineth undiscovered
In the region of endeavor!

Yea, and when the lips are silent,
When the heart is cold and pulseless,
And the dew of death hath gathered
On the forehead white as marble,—
When the hands are gently folded
In reposefulness eternal,—
Let me wear thee, jeweled necklace,
Wrought upon the heights of splendor,—
Wear thee as a sacred emblem
Of soul-attributes enduring:
Though thy form shall with me crumble
Into dust ground fine as powder.

In the crucible of ages,—
Naught of glory shall e'er perish,
Naught of good that Love doth cherish,
For I know that Life will prosper
All things that are life-deserving.

Serve thou evermore, O mountain,
As a trusted, faithful beacon
On the shore of Inspiration,
Lighting isles of Hope and Promise
Faintly rising o'er the waters
Of the orient horizon!

Waikiki.

The white waves spread upon the sands,
Where dwelleth Waikiki,
She holdeth forth her sun-kissed hands,
To beckon you and me!
And oh, the harmony she sings,
And oh, the constancy she brings
From out the tropic sea!

The craggy peaks stand near thy tent,
Most gentle Waikiki!
Heaven's fervid days have o'er thee bent,
And looked adoringly!
Thou hast beheld the ebb and flow
Of ages where they come and go,
Like waves upon the sea!

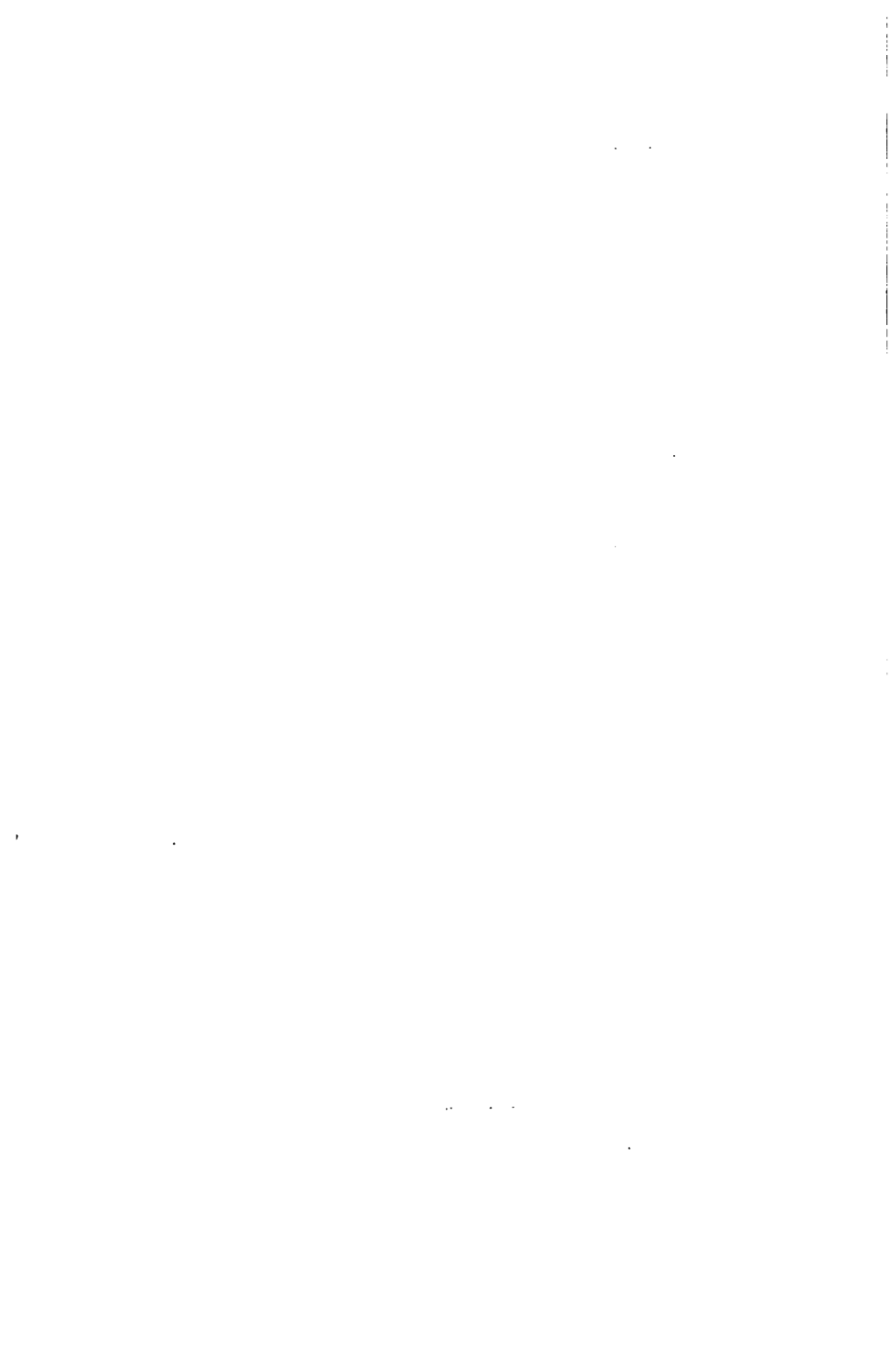
In Beauty's pantheon I kneel,
Most lovely Waikiki,—
Where fig and palm and fern reveal
Unmeasured ecstasy!
Beside the lily and the vine,
I breathe an incense all divine,—
The breath of flower and sea!

Upon thy breast the white pearls shine,
My fairest Waikiki,—
No richer diadems than thine
Hath graced earth's royalty;—
They glisten in the sun's warm light,
And flash from crested waves at night,—
These white pearls of the sea!

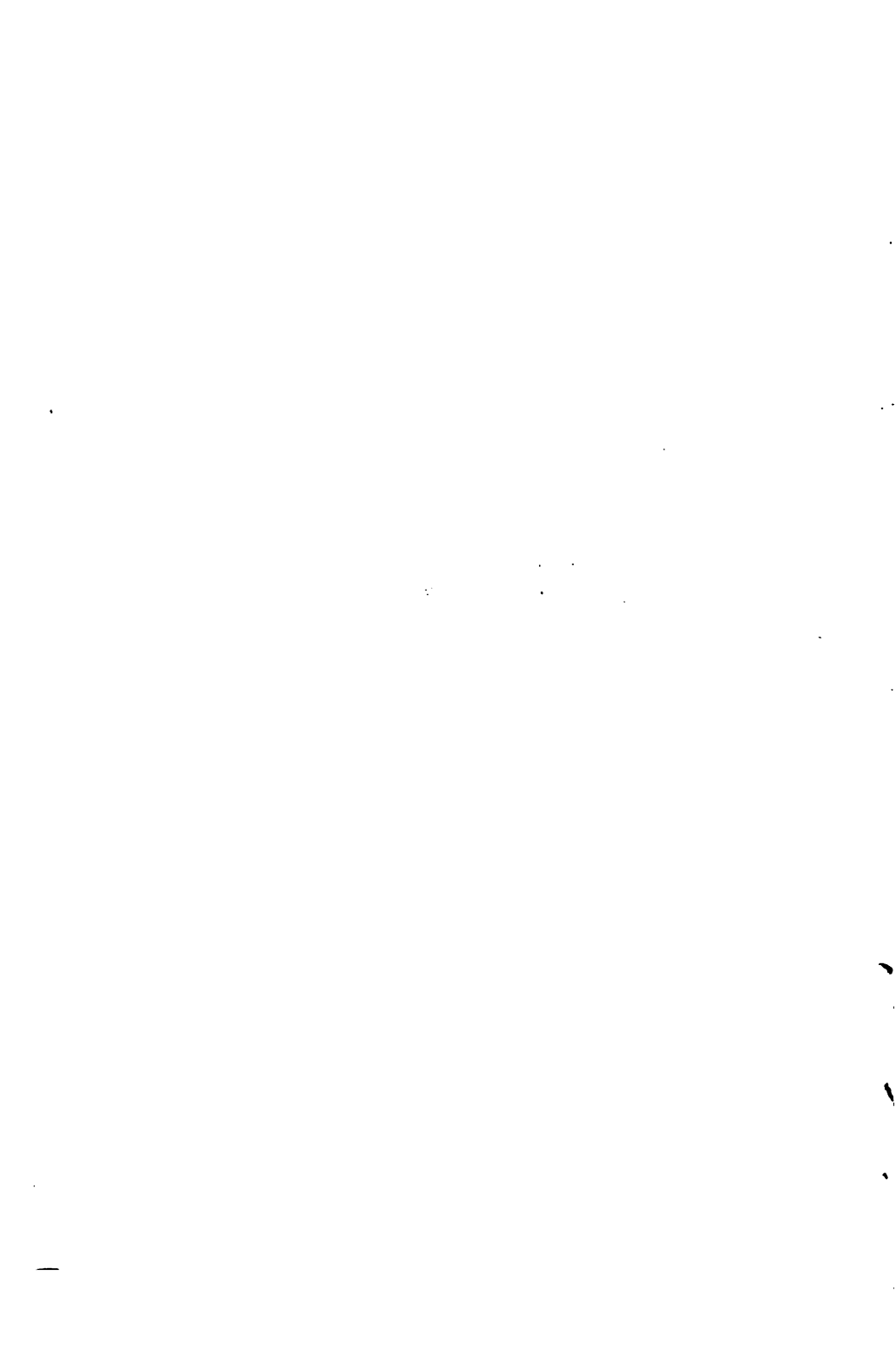
And thou hast worn them, oh, so long,
Most favored Waikiki!
Since first upon thy shores of song
Broke ocean's symphony;—
When out on chaos moved the word,
Creation's voice thou first hadst heard
Within the central sea!

Waikiki

Thou hast beheld the hosts of Love,
Most happy Waikiki,
Sweep from Elysian plains above
To dwell on earth with thee!
And simple folk have sealed a vow,
And pledged their troth as I do now,
With thee, and thou, O sea!



Vignettes.



Rameses.

Vignettes.

Where now the pride that Pharaoh brags,—
Monarch thou of proud disdain?
Alas! Does nothing more remain
Of thee than this,—a husk of rags?

Isaac.

Blaze high, ye altar fires!
Flash bright, O uplift blade!
Reflect the faith of Israel's sires,
The history faith hath made!
A voice rings through the newer earth:
"Guard thou the spirit's holy worth,
Nor shed the blood of Faithfulness;
Let patriarch and son be spared,—
Spared that my promise might e'er stand
Renewed! That grace and righteousness
Might, crystal-pure, forever flow
In full increasing plentitude,
Like waters, gathering as they go,
Down to the distant sea!"

Methuselah.

Vigantia.

I wonder Time could give him room!
"Nine hundred nine and sixty years!"
Write that upon his tomb.
When that is writ, thou hast his record,—
Each and every grain of it.

Joseph.

Best loved in ancient Israel's land,
A youth affectionate and brave,
Who entered Egypt as a slave,—
And left with Egypt in his hand.

Joshua.

Vigantia.

Didst thou write that fake infernal,
About the sun in Gibeon?—
The moon in vales of Ajalon?
If printing were in vogue,
Bold and designing rogue,
Thou wouldst have owned a yellow journal!

Vignette.

Hagar.

Forsaken in the wilderness!

Mourn Heart, for banished Hagar's woe,
And answer why Sin, merciless,
Deals Innocence the heavier blow!

David.

Vignettes.

Sing thou on, O Israel,—
 Spirit of Love's pure refrain!
Sing thy song imperial,
 Where the reverent muses reign!
 The lighted heavens with thee declare
 God's glories and his mercies rare;
 Immortal Israel!

Homer.

He caught the light supernal from each Parnassian peak,
That rose above the Trojan camp, that shone upon the Greek:
One light to Odyssey he chained; and to the Iliad, one;—
Then drove his flaming chariots on the pathway of the sun

Up, up, through all the heavens, effulgence spreads afar!
Down, down, through all the ages shoots Homer's double
star!

And from its orbit sweeps the light like angels winged with fire,
Now deeper, ever deeper; now higher, ever higher!

Alexander the Great.

Vignettes.

A son born unto war and strife!
Methinks if Mars should thrust his steel
Into that fearless heart, the stern god's knife
Would melt away in fiercely burning zeal.

Cæsar.

Proud apex of Rome's towering pile,
That stood for war and strength and lust,—
Then, crashing like the Campanile
At Venice, fell,—a cloud of dust!

Angelo.

Vignettes.

Creator of St. Peter's dome,
That riseth o'er the wrecks of Rome,
An offering to Fame divine,—
Inspiring and upholding thine!

Raphael.

Wouldst thou feel Art's ecstasy supreme? —
Mix reverie with beauty in the glow
Of mellow sunset; glory with the flow
Of life's majestic stream; complete the theme
With inspiration, sitting ever near, —
The thrill that wakes the shudder and the tear
Of joyousness! — Then only mayst thou know
The rapture of the Spirit's last appeal
Unto the higher court of Time; and spell
The secret of the zeal of Raphael.

Columbus.

Vignette

Bold argonaut on wide Atlantic seas,

Charged with thy dream and all the trust
Of proud Castile, to search earth's boundaries,
And learn, albeit, of a God's decrees!

Thou didst return from thy immortal quest
Prouder than Jason; yet, knew no rest
Till all man's keenest tyrannies

Were plunged hilt-deep into thy breast,—
And thy great spirit ground to dust!

Shakespeare.

He passed the Oracles and entered realms
 Plutonian; abodes of Fear and Grief,
 And Age and Pale Disease! With Atropos
 He converse held, and learned the art of life,—
 How spun and measured, and how cut in twain,
 In Age or in Youth's flush-time of success,
 Or, when the thread, like Lear's, is lengthened past
 Experience of base ingratitude.
 And Clotho, fairest Fate, taught him of grace
 And loveliness, thereafter bodied forth
 In just and gentle Portia. Discord, Death,
 And Furies, that together might have met,
 In Macbeth's seething brain were there, and spake
 Their awful crimes. Grim Charon's wrath was spent
 In vain as on Æneas, he that once
 Long theretofore had dared to pass the gates
 Of Death, and wander unafraid through realms,
 Foreboding and forbidding.

Oft in vales
 Where, alternate, the sun and white-robed moon
 Sleep sweetly on soft beds of violets,
 His soul hath passed with lover-friends and heard
 The fervent words which he could best create!
 With Ariel, and Oberon, and hosts
 Of storm-land and of fantasy, he made
 Acquaintance. Falstaff's glee, Othello's rage,
 Or Desdemona's tears poured heartfelt forth;
 Ambition, crafty as designing Cassius;
 Sly Shylock's viper-greed, that on the heart

Would fasten all its fangs, and satiate
Itself in blood for weight of borrowed gold;
Ophelia's piteous wail, and Hamlet's woe;
And mystery, and every passion'd thing:—
Alike, are testament of his great art,—
A stone's throw from perfection!

Milton.

Master of thought, Cordilleran! — that, bold
As heights eternal, links all the stretching zones
Of life in one sustained, majestic view
Of peak sublime, of dome, and pinnacle,
Of prospect vast, and dizzy chasmed depths,
Where Satan, proud, might once have headlong plunged,—
Like Vulcan from the brink of highest heaven,—
A day's length downward!

From thy cloud-fed springs
Awe's great Eridanus forever flows
Full to the distant sea, rich-fraught and fresh
With boundless imagery whose crystal depths
Reflect the heavens and earth, and shadow forth
Thine own enduring glory! Here, lesser streams
May freely draw from out thy plentitude,
A moiety of soul-reviving power!

Napoleon.

Vignettes.

Where, Corsican, the lines thou traced
In blood upon the great world's map?
The fierce Conceit bred in the lap
Of Pride? The Haughtiness that faced
Unspoken anguish, shudderless,
Yet rather felt the glow of fame
To know that Ruin spoke thy name?
Ambition led thee through the realm
Of countless kings;—yea, thou didst stand
On Tabor and put forth thy hand
Blood-red and greedy,—when the world,
Its kingdoms and its glories whirled
Into thy ken, but to o'erwhelm
And tempt Desire unto his fall!
For thee the bread of life turned stone:
The lesson taught long theretofore,
Full-manifest, thou didst not heed.
Ah, would that thou hadst paused to read:—
“Man shall not live by bread alone!”

Poe.

Hast seen the fires of Genius burn
Where lifts the cry of Woe and Pain?
Hast seen his dust in Sappho's urn?—
The dust and ashes of the brain?

Byron.

Vignettes.

Ah, what a pity that his sovereign brain
Should bow to Byron, and to him alone!
To what enduring majesty
Might he approach, what fame attain,
Were he not bondman at Pride's throne,
And vassal to his vanity!

Vignettes.

Beethoven.

See where Apollo, in his loftiest flight,
Enchanted, rests upon the brink of night,—
Drawn hither by heaven's harmony,—
And thine,—divine Beethoven!

Blackstone.

Vignette.

Behold the lawyer's favorite saint,
Adept in English, pure and quaint,
Who said, "The King can do no wrong."
Now for thy answer or complaint!

